

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIII.

FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 2

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES FRANK T. WARBURTON REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President Secretary and Treasurer Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620 25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

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|---|---|
| Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor | Free stationery to encourage writing home |
| Hospital Visitors | Free English Classes |
| Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals | Information Bureau |
| Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats | Literature Distribution Department |
| Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants | Ways and Means Department |
| Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families | Post Office |
| Burial of Destitute Seamen | Department of "Missing Men" |
| Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift | Publication of THE LOOKOUT |
| Transmission of money to dependents | Comfort Kits |
| Free Libraries | Christmas Gifts |
| Four Free Reading Rooms | First Aid Lectures |
| Game Room Supplies | Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea. |
| | Health Lectures |
| | Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment |
| | Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs |

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provisions for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

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Bread on the Water

My Dear Mrs. Roper:

You no doubt will be surpriced to receive this letter but the writer can not refrain from thanking you for your Kindness towards me while at the Seamen's Inst.

You will recall a day some years back yau prayed with a yaung man at your office well I want to say that from that day till this I have had an unspeackable jay in my sould and I have so growed in the grace of our saviour that my Jay is at such a point that I simple cant refrain from writting you and thanking yau, and I'll asure yau I will never forget that day.

I left New York and went to Norfolk Va, when the War broke out and I was summed to the call for men. I enlisted in the Army and went across to France and it was upon the Battlefeild's that I wake up to the fact that my sould was yearning for to know more abouth Jesus and in words I can not explain the joy there came to my heart when I for the first time in many years opned my heart to God and cryed out to him for salvation. Well he came in to my heart and has gauided me ever since.

I want to thank you for the prayaer book you gave me that day I carried it with me upon the battle feilds and it has brot many a jay and comfort through those hard times and I learned to love that book so I was constantly reading in it.

It has been such an inspiration to my sould yea it even saved my life.

On Christmass Eve 1917 we had a straike at the aregone in France and a bullet penetrated my coat and was found in that prayer booke—if I had not had that book in my pocket that bullet would have going into my heart so you see what a reason I have for loving that prayer booke.

Now the War is over and I have come back and landet here in Frisco while here I took the liberty in visiting the Seamans Inst here Mr. Dems I had a lovely conversation with him and have arranged with him to be confirmed here in the Epicopalien Cathedal and my dertermination is then to enter into the Ministry I rearlize the deman for Schandinavian Epicopalian Ministers and so I talked the matter over with Mr. Dems and if God's willing I hope soone to prepare for the Siminary here at the Epicopalin Cathedral in San Francisco.

I exspecially want to thank you for the patients you had with me while you was trying to teach me to speack English well your efford has not been in vain for to day I am able both to speak read and write English it was your efford that has broth me to success and to enjoy the frendship and conversation of the American people. I am now a Natreralized citizen and love the Stars and Stripes. But when I think back I cant help but to thank you, for had it not been for the interest

you showed in me I might not had been the man I am to day.

Again I want to express my appreciation for your effort and I pray that God may bless you in your splendid work amongst the men whom follow the Sea.

Lofstedt.

Afraid a Little

Six doctors had looked him over and they all shook their heads. He heard them talking, but he could not understand what they said. He could not understand English unless it was spoken slowly, although he was an American citizen. He had given up his own country for this—and he had fought for it.

That was when his trouble began. He went in one of the first contingents and his name was lost in the hurry and rush and lack of organization. But that fact did not prevent him being pretty well shot to pieces. After the top of his mouth and his leg and behind his ear had been pretty well riddled with shrapnel, he was sent as a sailor. He was then torpedoed and spent hours in the cold water before he was rescued.

He was finally, after it was all over, washed up on our shore, a poor waif, unable to earn his living, but with nothing unless he did. For two years or more he has been around here. He has been in hospitals eight times, he has had four operations, each time an unsuspected piece of shrapnel being found, and yesterday the doctors shook their heads and two of them said, "He has to have another operation."

He is still weak from the last, and his courage that has been wonderful, ebbed rather low. He has been living on two meals a day, all he could get, being sent first one place for a few days by one relief agency and then another place by another agency.

"I don't want to be a bum," he protested, the tears in his eyes. "Everybody thinks I am no good, panhandling all the time. I want work. Anything." But over and over he had been sent to work, and always he was taken from it to a hospital in a few days. He couldn't stand it.

"I am afraid a little," he said, when telling of the expected operation, and he turned away, ashamed that he should be fearful.

We could but wonder why life holds us with such a firm hand, when it would seem, that whatever is on beyond, could not have greater terrors for him than the present.

A Sailor Verger

Quite the most efficient Church officer I ever remember was an ex-sailor of the old school who adored cleaning brasswork. He despised brasso and modern substitutes for elbow-grease, and did all his polishing with bathbrick and paraffin, than which there is probably no better application for dull metal. His joy was to lavish attention on what he was pleased to term the "binnacle" (yclept lectern), which shone with a dazzling and fearsome brilliance marvellous to behold. Our friend called the usual ornaments by nautical names, and he always referred to the step at the altar rails as "The

Break of the Poop," which is perhaps as apt a title as any non-ecclesiastic could find for this part of the Church. The Church bell hung so that it could be seen by the congregation. After spending an hour and a half solemnly laboring on the brightening of the outside of the bell, he stopped, and, looking across at me, he remarked whimsically enough, "Well, that's enough of **that**, any way! Now I am going to clean the inside, for after all, sir, there's only One as looks down, but there's many that looks up."—The Scottish Chronicle.

Reducing the Standard

It all depends on how you feel about it. Some men are rich when they have one good suit and others require two or more before they have that comfortable feeling of plenty. The seaman who was trying to sell his pants before breakfast had the two suit standard.

With the average person the standard of living retreats before the advance of hunger. Mike had missed four meals and there was a gnawing feeling inside, that was driving him to do something.

But Mike, the man who liked to dress up and look well, was still stronger than Mike, the hungry animal, that had to have food at any cost. He looked over his wardrobe. It consisted of a coat and pants. He decided to let the trousers go. He could dress up a little by putting on the coat.

The Chaplain, coming from his breakfast, saw a group of men around Mike. He was using his

best selling ability to dispose of those trousers. He talked tenderly of their good qualities. And the men did not laugh. They did not ask him why he was selling them.

They knew.

They knew the hunger that would goad him to dispose of everything he had that he could sell—and then would goad him—yes, they knew. Hunger had never done its worst with them—it had never quite made them forget that they were men. But they did not know what it might do. They had been on too intimate terms with it, not to be afraid of the beast that is in us all, that hunger can unchain.

X

Wasted Talent

One cannot say with any degree of certainty that a man is wasting his life when he is doing good work and earning an honest living. But when one finds a man who has a dream that he cannot explain and does not understand himself; that he can partly express his dream in anything he can mould, and that he is doing nothing but the hardest manual labor, one wonders.

The House Mother came into the office of the Editor with something that looked like a plaster cast. A glance at the face showed that it was Washington's face, cut out of a turnip. It was wonderfully well done, and behind her lagged a self-conscious sailor, the man who had made it with his finger nails and a jack-knife.

He could not explain why he did it. But when he saw that we were interested, he brought a face he had

made in wax, a venerable, fine old face, with a wavy beard. Then he brought other things.

The desire to express something that was struggling within him could not be wholly suppressed. He sought expression in a medium that came easy to him.

Arrangements have been made for him to see a sculptor who will be able to judge whether he is a genius or just talented. And we hope that he will have an opportunity to find himself, and test what he can do.

Books for Seamen

Books, books everywhere, would be the refrain of many of the sailor boys, if they could take a peep into the Dispatching Office of the American Merchant Marine Library Association, at Pier 10, East River. This is the first dispatching office opened in New York, and the first consignment of books, forty-two great boxes from the American Library Association, the organization that did this work during the war, makes a good beginning.

The slogan of this Association, which is known as the A. M. M. L. A., is "A library on every American ship." Each Library is to have from 75 to 100 volumes. Seventy-five per cent of the books will be fiction. The American Library Association estimate that they had 250,000 books when they handed the Merchant Marine work over to the new organization. This number will, of course, have to be added to, but will enable the A. M. M. L. A. to begin their work at once, under the able direction of Miss Mabel Barclay.

The headquarters of the organization is at 82 Beaver Street, New York. The reorganization of this very important work for the Merchant seamen, is due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Henry Howard, former Chief, of the Social Service Bureau for Merchant Seamen, in Boston. Mrs. Howard is President of the new organization, and she has a strong Executive of members of Steamship Companies, Labor Unions, and Philanthropic organizations working for Merchant Seamen.

The President of the Seamen's Church Institute, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, and the Superintendent, Dr. A. R. Mansfield, are members of the Trustee Board of the American Merchant Marine Library Association, and have endorsed its work.

A dispatching office has already been opened in Boston and it is hoped to have such an office in every port where ships pay off. A licensed officer on every ship will be asked to be responsible for the library placed on his ship. Ships showing the greatest appreciation of the library, by taking care of it, and reading the books, will receive a permanent library of technical books.

He Struggled Alone

"Life is what you make it," a young, successful man said, and from the corner of the room came a sigh. We all looked in that direction and we were surprised. The man who had sighed was one of the most successful men in the city.

"What you make it," he said thoughtfully, "not always, young man—not always."

He did not say more, but when a seventeen year old boy sat crying in the Chaplain's Office because he had contracted the drug habit, we thought of his words.

Was that boy to blame because he was out of work and discouraged, and a pal gave him some of the drug that had made him forget the troubles of the world and wafted him away on the downy wings of forgetfulness. It had helped so much, until it enslaved him, and was his greatest foe. He did not know what it would do. No one had warned him. And he had been so cold and hungry.

The Chaplain who understands the weakness of drug users, found that the boy had been treated for the habit, but when the treatment was over he had been turned out into the city, alone and friendless, without money and without work.

"When the treatment is over, they should be met by a friend," the Chaplain explained, "and they should be given work, preferably in the country. Left alone, with nothing to do and nowhere to go, the majority of them will go back to their old haunts and their old habits. If I only had money and time, I could help such people a lot."

How we wished there was someone with sympathy and Christian patience to take that young man, who was struggling so hard to keep his manhood, and bolster him up, until he had his feet firmly planted in good health and self control.

He Was Helped

The following letter explains itself: "Last year during Christmas time in New York, I was up against it pretty hard, discouraged and pretty well humbled. I came to you and you helped me out. Time has slipped along pretty fast and I made strides upward equal to it. So now I write to you to thank you for what you did for me. Maybe you remember me. Remember the young New Zealand fellow, who had a crippled arm, and whom you sent uptown on different occasions for magazines, etc., and to whom you gave numberless meal and bed tickets.

"I am that same individual. I am here in Australia now, going along splendidly and am hopeful a little after the New Year of taking up a good slice of unbroken land for grazing and fruit growing (this is a fruit growing district) and I should never look backwards.

"You may not credit it, but it is a fact, that just about thirty miles north of where I am good land, uncultivated, can be bought freehold at about \$1.65 an acre.

"Last Christmas I had dinner in the downstairs restaurant. And the new year did not look cheery. This year I am going to have it out on the plains with the sun registering 115 degrees in the shade and my hope is 1,000 degrees or 10,000 degrees for the new year.

"I was fortunate enough to get clear of New York before the strikes started. Things must be pretty hard for millions. I've had my lesson and never again will I get caught in a

large industrial city where life is as cheap as a doughnut.

"I expect at Christmas you will get up on the concert platform and try and put a little hope into a few. Some will take it and some won't. And so I write to let you know of one who profited. A little soup and bread into a man's stomach counts a lot and it is the right kind of spiritual stuff. You'll understand me.

"Now Mr. Robinson I'll come to a close, and I thank you again for your help. Please give my best wishes to 'Mother' and the rest."

Couldn't Get Away

A Chaplain who was at one time connected with the Institute came back for a visit and he told of an interesting experience he had in his parish.

He said that on New Year's day, the man who was taking up the collection at the evening service, was stopped by a man in the back seat, who asked him to tell the Rector that he wished to see him.

The Rector, rather surprised at the message, knew at once when he saw the man, that he had not quite left the Institute behind. He was unmistakably a sailor, and just as unmistakably he had been drinking.

He was on an oyster boat that had put into that port, and when he heard there was a clergyman in that part, who had been at the Institute, he started right out to find him. He proved that he had been at the Institute by naming all the people he knew there. And then he told the Chaplain all about himself; and

when they were well acquainted the Chaplain said, in a confidential tone, "How long are you going to keep this up?" (Meaning the drink.)

In an equally confidential tone the sailor replied, "A week anyhow."

A Voice from Latvia

It was a pathetic letter from a lonely father in the new kingdom of Latvia that gave the Missing Men Department extra energy. The old man wrote that all the other boys were coming home since the war, all but his boy, and his home was lonely and desolate.

One could picture it—the old father and mother hearing good news from the neighbors when they were reunited with their loved ones who had been separated from them by the war. But always they had to turn away with tears in their eyes. They hadn't heard from their boy.

"He is our only one," the father had written. It seemed to him that fact should make us search harder. Perhaps it did—who can say.

But the days passed and we were not able to send them good news. We could not find the boy. We began to fear that he had gone with the millions who will never come back to wipe the tears from the eyes of their sorrowing parents.

Then just this week, the man who speaks many languages met a most excited man in the hall. He had received a card in the post office telling him there was a letter for him from his father and he couldn't find it. He thought his father was dead. But dead fathers did not write letters. Where was that letter?

The Chaplain explained that it was being held for him and he went and got it for him.

Men receive great shocks differently. This man trembled with excitement—he laughed and he cried and then he emptied his pockets in front of the Chaplain—he had only \$21—but he begged him to send it all to his father.

“But how will you live?” the Chaplain asked.

“I have a ship—that is all right,” he said, and he left holding the letter clasped tightly in his hand.

His Vocabulary

The House Mother walked into the office of the Editor with two pressed leaves in her hand. There was something unusual about them but it was hard to say what it was until she explained.

She said that he was a big simple-minded sailor who gave them to her. He had been unable to get work, because he wasn't an American citizen, and she had been a witness to help him get his papers. He had just received them, and his heart was welling up with a desire to tell her how much he appreciated what she had done for him. He could not give her a present because he had nothing to give.

He could not tell her how thankful he was because his vocabulary always failed him when he tried to make a speech.

The matter was a serious one, and he finally arrived at her office with the two pressed leaves.

“Hold it up to the light Mother, and you will see what I have wrote

for you,” and he disappeared down the hall, too shy to wait. She held the leaves up, and with a pin he had pricked the sentence, “I love you!”

Found

“If we only knew where he was?” the elder brother said as he sat in the Missing Men office, “but he does not write. We are afraid he may be sick or in want.”

It was the old story of the prodigal son. He would not go to school. He would not settle down. And his mother went around day after day with a load of doubt and fear.

The brother called here to see whether we would advertise for him. We took down all the particulars, and then we called up some of our departments to see whether anyone had seen him.

Yes—the post office had received a letter from him that day. He had asked that we forward his mail.

The elder brother's face beamed with a joy that seemed to fill the whole office with a radiance. His hands trembled as he took down the address and his voice was a little thick when we suggested that he get the letter from the postmaster, and take it to show his mother.

Of course, it is against the rules that the postmaster has laid down hard and fast. Every order to forward mail must be filed in the office. But when he saw that radiant, happy-faced elder brother, and he asked if he might take the letter to show his mother—all the rules were broken. The postmaster broke them himself. How could he do otherwise?

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

The War Memorial

We have not given up the idea of the Great Memorial Stage, in honor of the men of the Merchant Marine, without whom the war could not have been won.

We have not mentioned it for several months. The great amount of unemployment and the need for relief funds, as well as our attempt to make up our floating indebtedness, have prevented us. But we have merely been waiting until other things were not so pressing.

The fact that the men of the Merchant Marine have not been recognized by their country, for their wonderful services during the war, is one of the great injustices. Others have medals and memorials and allotments, but the men who faced death of a most hideous kind for four years, and many of whom lost their lives, are never mentioned.

They did not wear a uniform. They did not march in great parades

up and down our streets, their feet made light by inspiring music and admiring crowds. They wore their usual clothes, and they went and came quietly, unless someone thought to ask them why they were not in khaki.

And now the war is over. Many of those who lived through all its horrors, tell us they will never be the same men again. It was more than flesh and blood could endure and come out strong and well. There are officers who are afraid to be on duty when they are near certain parts of the ocean. The memory of shrieking humanity, oaths and prayers and boyish voices raised in sobs and cries, will always sound again, when they come near the place where their vessel was submerged.

Memories—ghastly, ghostly memories.

And not a word to soothe the strained nerves and the feeling of bitterness that comes when these men see others with medals and bars and honors of all kinds. And when they see great memorials—with hundreds of names of men who are thus honored.

No memorials stand for them.

Their names are not known.

That is why we wish your assistance, to raise in Jeanette Park, the Great Memorial Stage, in honor of the men of the Merchant Marine.

There is someone who would like the privilege of giving it all. There must be hundreds—yes, thousands, who would like to contribute to it. It will cost \$15,000.

We would like to be able to begin

building it as soon as the frost is out of the ground. The last \$500 of the \$15,000 has already been promised and we have had a few contributions amounting to \$1,393.

Address your contributions to Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York City.

Where Does He Belong?

The following letter to the Superintendent, from a man who heard him speak on the work for sailors, explains itself.

"I was an interested attendant on the evening of Sunday the 5th inst. and had the pleasure of hearing your very interesting talk describing the many activities of the Seamen's Church Institute.

"I am a Master Mariner and have been following the sea for some twenty odd years, consequently I am not entirely a stranger to the work you have in hand and the good that you have accomplished. What impressed me most, however, was your closing remarks, touching upon the work done by the plain merchant sailor during the last war, and I am wondering if you were aware that amidst all the flood of Victory Medals, War Bonuses, Memorials and testimonials of like nature, not an iota of recognition has been accorded the merchant sailor of the United States, he is not even eligible for membership in the American Legion or any other of the veteran organizations.

"England issues the general service medal and a special merchant marine medal to the men of her merchant fleet. France decorated a number of her merchantmen for service in the war zone, so did Italy, but I am entirely unaware of any action of similar nature taken by the United States.

"To get near home I will cite my own case. There was a Williamson who commanded a privateer in the war of 1812 and played particular hob with British commerce. Both my Grandfathers participated in the Civil War, when fourteen years of age I left school because I felt that the Spanish American War could not be handled properly unless I was at hand, when we got in this last disturbance I left a shore job and joined the Army Transport Service. I served there in the trans-Atlantic run carrying troops, mules, T. N. T., etc., during the entire period of hostilities, but! The vessel I was attached to was officered and manned by civilians, and technically we were classed as: "Civilian employees serving with the Army of the U. S.," though we wore a uniform, renounced our civil rights, and took the usual oaths and obligations.

"Because of this hair-splitting distinction, we get no recognition of our service and in my particular case Grace Church would not even put a star on their service flag for me. My name is not on the Roll of Service Men displayed in our public Library and I guess there will be no tree bearing my name in the memorial parkway that the good citizens of this town are planning. And there are thousands of other chaps situated as I am, and the most of us don't care a hang, but when I heard your voice your appreciation of what the Merchant Jack had done I just thought I would sit down, tell you the story and thank you."

Note.—It is because so many men of the sea feel as this man does and with good cause, that we are determined to erect as soon as possible a Great War Memorial to the men without whom the war could not have been won.

We have chosen Jeanette Park, which is in front of the largest Sea-

men's Home and Club in the world, the Seamen's Church Institute, as a suitable place. At the request of Dr. Mansfield, the park has been covered with a cement floor and the Institute has had a cement platform erected. On that platform it is our hope that we will be able to erect a great Stage, in Memory of the Men of the Merchant Marine, for their wonderful service to their country during the war.

On the Edge of Life

Over and over the question has been asked, "How do men without money and without employment live?"

A few minutes beside the cashier's desk in our Restaurant answers the question.

A young, strong-looking man came up and slipped his check through with a nonchalant air. A little too nonchalant perhaps, but very well done. It was the noon hour and the check was for fifteen cents. He had the exact change. We doubt if he had any more.

An old man followed him—he was ready to talk—not complainingly but philosophically about life in general and these hard times in particular. His check was for five cents.

A large florid man followed, the kind of a man one expects to always have enough money for a good meal. He had spent thirty-five cents. He tendered a two dollar bill.

A walk around the counter showed many men trying to satisfy their hunger on a bowl of soup, and the bread served with it. Some of them

ran to the extravagance of a cup of coffee.

The demand of the man with only a few cents is generally for doughnuts and coffee, or a coffee ring and coffee, or soup and coffee. On those lines and also on pie and coffee, there is a big run at the present time.

A glance over a hundred checks just taken in, showed that the average paid for meals was 14 cents and a fraction.

Judge and Jury

Down at the Welfare Headquarters there has to be very strict rules, so that men not entitled to bed and board, do not get in. And if a man asks for help and proves his right to it, and then does not come to occupy his bed or gives it to someone else, it is a serious matter for him. It means that a bed is empty while men outside need it, or it may be occupied by a man not a seaman.

Such a case occurred. A young man was given a ticket for a bed and he gave it to another man. He came back for another ticket and he was taken to the Chaplain, who passes judgment on such cases.

"Why did you give your ticket to another man?" the Chaplain asked sternly.

The boy, for he was little more than that, stammered and looked uncomfortable, then haltingly he explained, "He was sleeping on the floor of the Union Hall, but he was sick and feeling bad, so I gave him my ticket, so that he would have a comfortable bed. I was well and so I slept on the floor."



Where and the Way the Unavoidably Stranded Unemployed Merchant Seamen Spend Their Time

"You are passed as O. K., son," the Chaplain said, as he patted his shoulder.

What She Could

The following letter made us all feel very humble and very determined to give our best to this work:

"Your letter received. I have never been offended in any way that you have written. Simply I have had so many calls I could not attend to all. I am a self-supporting woman—am almost eighty-three years old. I work from 6 A. M. until 4 P. M. and you can see I do not have much time to call my own, but then all my time belongs to the Master.

"Enclosed please find five dollars and will send another five in a day or so."

Jack in a New Uniform

I had not many days arrived at the Rectory at Selkirk where we are to live, and I was very busy nailing down linoleum when the door bell rang, so I trotted down the stair in my shirt-sleeves to open the door. (I must try to cure myself of these habits now I live in a Rectory!) It was the postman, a cheery soul, with a letter or two.

"I see by your correspondence that you have something to do with the old Mission, sir!" I admitted the fact, and postie continued: "I am a seafaring man. Navy long service medal. Served in armed merchantmen during the war, been all over the world, and many is the good time I have had in the Seamen's Institutes

a broad—Capetown, Wellington, East London, Buenos Ayres and so forth!"

I was interested. "Do you know Canon Brady?" I asked.

"I do, and Mr. Earp-Jones at Capetown. I got a case of pipes there for reciting at one of the Mission concerts. Fine place that. Splendid thing for sailor men the Seamen's Institutes. Nowhere else to go in the evenings in many ports. I should like to have a yarn with you some time. It is good to meet some one who knows the sea."—The Church and the Sailor.

Men Play Many Parts

The morning service in the Chapel of Our Saviour was over. The men were leaving in groups or singly. They appeared to go reluctantly and the Chaplain looked back.

It was quiet and peaceful there and beautiful. He felt a longing for peace in the souls of men, that was typified by that little Chapel. And then he noticed that a man was still sitting in his seat.

He spoke to him, and he was answered by a man in tattered clothes but his voice was clear and sweet. The voice of a cultured man. He explained that he had been a College Professor in Porto Rico. Why he was going to sea, he did not say. What queer twist of life had thrown him up on our beach he did not explain. But somehow that Chapel had gripped him, and he did not wish to leave.

He explained later that he had secured a position in a college in Maine that he would go to next fall.

"But I must get work," he said, "I couldn't go in these clothes. I must get it before then."

The Chaplain has seen too many men in need of clothes, not to understand what it meant to that man. But the clothes room was empty. Everything had been given away, so he did the only thing he could. Tried to encourage him and the man said, "Yes, it will be all right. I left my old mother in Porto Rico and she is praying for me. It will be all right somehow."

The S. O. S.

Since the January number of THE LOOKOUT we have received quite a number of contributions for the deficit.

The total amount received from the S. O. S. up to date, Feb. 1st, is \$14,848.50. The Board raised \$6,253, making a total of \$21,101.50, that has been raised to wipe out the deficit of \$30,000.

We have the promise of \$2,500 if we can raise \$27,500, which would make the \$30,000 needed.

What Our Men Do

A woman came into the Institute one day to inquire about a sailor who had been helping her do housework. She was a business woman, out all day and she needed some one to keep house. This sailor had been recommended to her. She had employed him for a few days and was so pleased with him that she wished to take him right into her home.

"I never saw anyone like him," she said, "he is a wonderful housekeeper. My house was never so

clean and well kept as now. And he has bought the paint and is going to have it all painted for Christmas. I want to keep him, take him right into the house, but I do not know anything about him. Can you recommend him? He stayed here."

We told her we could not. We did not know anything about him. She would have to trust her own judgment. We knew she was going to take him.

Many of our men are splendid cleaners and they can paint and keep a place ship-shape as they call it. Many others are cooks and stewards.

If you wish a strong man to help in your homes call up Employment, Bowling Green 3620, and we will try and find the kind of man you need.

Consultations by Wireless

It is a new thought, that a doctor on a ship at sea, may have a consultation with the greatest doctors on shore, simply by using the wireless. But such is not only possible but probable.

Radio Corporation of America and the U. S. Public Health Service have arranged that the Radio Coastal Stations of Chatham, Mass.; Siasconset, Mass., and New York City (Bush Terminal) may apply to the U. S. Marine Hospital No. 70, 67 Hudson Street, New York City, for medical advice by wireless. It being understood that most requests will come from ships that do not carry a doctor. But ships that do carry a doctor and wish to consult with doctors on shore, will have the privilege of the service. Alternate hospitals for the above mentioned Radio Sta-

tions are Nos. 38, 43, 61. These are given lest the one first mentioned could not be reached at the time.

Other Coastal Radio Stations that will receive and transmit medical advice to men on ships at sea, are Cape May, N. J., and San Francisco, Cal. U. S. Hospitals within easy reach, with alternates, have been designated. And the great service begins at once.

Things Needed

1. Men's clothing—suits and under-clothing.
2. Men's boots—all sizes.
3. Magazines and books.

We need stage properties:

1. Lounge—four or five feet long.
2. Clock for stage—it does not need to go.
3. Chiffonnier.
4. Pictures.
5. Rugs.
6. Table lamp.

He Understands

A contributor writing to us says, in part: "The work of the Institute and its loyal supporters always has ranked as of the highest order. It is a personal regret that I am not in a position to render better support. May all good things attend you and those engaged personally in this blessed work."

Then he added: "Three years before the mast at from 16-19 years of age, was an illuminating post graduate course, following High School, for the writer. I KNOW the sailor boys at first hand."

Thanks from Afar

The following letter was received by the Missing Men Department, from Europe. A son had been located and a friend of the joyful mother, who knew English, wrote for her:

"I am in receipt of yours favours of 14' and 19' November.

"I have communicated Henry Johannesen's mother the letters contents, which she were very delighted with, and she have afterwards hat two letters from the son.

"His mother and I brings you our best thanks for yours manifested kindness and trouble."

The Barnacle Family

Old Bill Barnacle sticks to his ship,
He never is ill on the stormiest trip;
Upside down he crosses the ocean—
If you do that you enjoy the motion.
Barnacle's family grows and grows;
Little relations arrive in rows;
And the quicker the barnacles grow,
you know,

The slower the ship doth go—yo ho!
Thousands of barnacles, small and
great,

Stick to the jolly old ship of State;
So we mustn't be cross if she seems
to crawl—

It's rather a marvel she goes at all.
—Punch.

\$500 Promised

One contributor has promised us five hundred dollars, for the great Memorial Stage to be erected in Jeanette Park, in recognition and in memory of the work of the Merchant Seamen during the war. This

will be given when we have raised all but that amount.

Contributions are coming in slowly. Address your letters to Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Superintendent, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Their Real Mother

The concert was over. The men were walking slowly down stairs, talking as they went.

Suddenly a voice with a broad Scotch accent accosted Mrs. Roper as she walked down among them: "We were waiting to hear from you tonight, Mother," he said. "Why didna you speak?"

"I thought there was such a good programme I should not take the time, and Mother Davidson always talks to you quite a bit."

"That is all right," he replied, "but she is only our foster mother. You are our real mother, and we always want to hear from you."

And there was a rustle of assent from the men who had heard.

Chapel Service

The following appreciation of the Christmas Service was written by Mrs. Annie Kendall, a faithful friend of the Institute, who spent part of the day here:

"At the evening service the chapel was crowded. Men, hundreds of them, singing the old carols, and, oh, what singing. Bass voices, for the most part, deep and full, somewhat off key, perhaps, sometimes out of tune, keeping no account of time, like an organ not quite supremely played, but it was the 'vox humana,'

the cry of the human heart, the aspiration of the human spirit, the throbbing of deep emotion, translated into notes of melody, and impregnating the very air with some untranslatable, poignant essence, some thrill of homesickness, of loneliness, as the thoughts of many there went girdling half the world in a moment of time, mingling for that fleeting instant with their own loved ones, in some far land of the flesh or the spirit, returning to fill their eyes with tears and make their voices quiver as they sang. One could feel these impulses of thought, these flights of the spirit, voicing themselves in familiar strains of music. 'Oh, little town of Bethlehem,' oh, hundreds of other little towns, where each one there had heard the Christmas story for the first time; oh, little silver keys of memory, unlocking all the chambers of the past, revealing glimpses of Christmases long ago, the bass rumble was threaded through and through, with longings for home, a father for his children, husband for wife, a son for his mother, 'a lover for his lass.' Lips were singing, 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night,' but thoughts went hurrying back to other starry Christmas nights in other lands. Oh, mighty bond of human relationships, the underlying fabric upon which is built the music of the spheres, vibrant with life, resonant with pain, and nowhere is the welding of human spirits so fully revealed, as in a group like this, of otherwise inarticulate men. And what an argument it is for the Fatherhood of God and the

brotherhood of man, that they should come here, thrown together from the four quarters of the earth, and notwithstanding the barriers of language, for some of them can only hum the air, and cannot sing the words that are familiar to us, yet through the medium of song and by the transition of thought alone, the longing wishes of their hearts should be understandable to us, and our sympathy and good will be made known to them.

Comfort in Files

One thinks of cards and folders and files as necessary evils—but not things that bring comfort to any but the people who love to count.

“Could you just let me see his name on your cards,” a well-dressed seaman asked, when we told him that we had located a man whose name had been on our Bulletin Boards.

“Certainly,” we said, but having a streak of curiosity, we asked, “Why?”

“That man was found dead outside of a restaurant in Coney Island,” he explained. “He went out and sat down to rest and no one noticed him. He was quite cold when they tried to waken him. There was a cocaine bottle beside him. It was empty.”

He paused—it was evident that he regretted that bottle. He wanted to prove that its silent evidence was a lie. The man was dead—he couldn’t defend himself.

“I was his pal,” he explained, “and I was with him for nine months. He never took that stuff. I know and

I want to prove to his mother that it was just his heart—he was gassed, you know, at the front. It got him, that is all.”

“But how will our file prove anything?” we asked, touched by his devotion.

“You say on that card that you found him—only a week ago and he was in good health. It was your doctor who talked to him. He wouldn’t have said he was in good health if he had been using that stuff. He would have known. She is a good woman—a fine family—and it’s hurting her—and I know he didn’t use it.”

We gave him our cards and the copy of the letter we had written, stating that he had called and was well and getting along all right.

His gratitude was touching—and next day they were returned through the mails—but without a word.

Did they bring any comfort? We hope so.

Subscriptions for Memorial

The very day we announced the plans for the proposed Memorial for Merchant Seamen, we received a subscription. But \$15,000 will mean a lot of subscriptions and we hope you will interest your friends in this matter.

It would help us if you would send us lists of names of people who might wish to contribute to this Memorial. We would like those who feel that they want to have a share in this Memorial to have an opportunity to contribute.

General Summary of Work

DECEMBER, 1921

RELIGIOUS WORK

South Street Institute, 25 South Street	No.	Attend- ance	North River Station, 341 West Street	No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services, A. M.	5	234	Sunday Services, P. M.	4	315
Sunday Services, P. M.	5	1,114	Song Services	9	797
Bible Classes	2	163			
Gospel Meetings	3	150	U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21,		
Weddings	0		Staten Island		
Funerals	2		Sunday Services, A. M.	4	163
Baptisms	0		Funerals	1	
			Baptisms	0	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICE

South Street Institute	No.	Attend- ance	North River Station	No.	Attend- ance
Home Hours	4	872	Home Hours	0	
Entertainments	10	4,004	Entertainments	9	964
Lodgings Registered	24,401		Lodgings Registered		
Incoming Mail for Men	21,363		Incoming Mail for Men		464
Dunnage Checked	3,380		Dunnage Checked		40
Free Baths	110		Free Baths		
Free Clothes Washings	110		Free Clothes Washings		
Packages Literature Distributed	337		Packages Literature Distributed		75
Knitted Articles Distributed	528		Knitted Articles Distributed		

Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	342	Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	6
Assisted by Loans	77	Assisted by Loans	
Minor Relief and Baggage	478	Minor Relief and Baggage	
Cases in Institute Clinic	163	Cases in Institute Clinic	
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	93	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	
Referred to Other Organizations	8	Referred to Other Organizations	

Employment

Ships Supplied	14	Ships Supplied	3
Men Shipped	129	Men Shipped	5
Temporary Employment		Temporary Employment	4
Shore Jobs	23	Shore Jobs	0

Visits

To Hospitals	16	To Hospitals	
To Patients	28	To Patients	
Other Visits	5	Other Visits	
		To Ships	36

U. S. Marine Hospital, No. 21

Fox Hills Hospital	U. S. Marine Hospital, No. 21	Hudson St. Hospital			
To Hospital	13	To Hospital	30	To Hospital	3
No. of hours	36 $\frac{1}{4}$	No. of hours	117	No. of Hours	3 $\frac{3}{4}$

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	44
First Aid Lectures	0
Other Educational Lectures	6

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits	\$53,487.49
Withdrawals	59,153.21
Transmissions	15,246.08

SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

Almighty God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thy blessing upon all organizations throughout the world engaged in ministering to the welfare of seamen. Give wisdom to all who have undertaken to direct the management of their interests.

Endow with judgment and strength from on high the Executive Officers, Chaplains, Missionaries and all associated with them: direct and prosper all their doings to the advancement of Thy glory.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that the Seamen and Boatmen gathered from all nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth may find within the walls of the Institutes and Missions deliverance from danger and strength against temptation, inspiration to nobleness and purity, and, above all, such influence as will lead to their repentance and salvation through faith in Thy blessed son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may receive **THE LOOKOUT**:

1. **Founders or Benefactors** receive **THE LOOKOUT** for life.
2. Everyone who subscribes one dollar a year to **THE LOOKOUT DEPARTMENT**.
3. All who contribute **annually five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
4. Those who **make any gift** receive one complimentary copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

If you have not done so already, please renew your subscription; or if you have received complimentary copies in the past, subscribe now by sending one dollar.

The increased cost of paper and printing and the postage thereon make it impossible to send **THE LOOKOUT** except under the above conditions.